

# Missiskoui



# Standard.

J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

*Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.*

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VOL. I.

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## THE TIGER'S CAVE.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

OF QUITO.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were travelling, rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terribil grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning, —flash followed flash—above, around, beneath,—every where a sea of fire. We sought momentary shelter in the cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and, with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar tree were struck down, or bent like reeds, monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From every thing I saw, I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in the cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling at the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green colour; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, 'good God! we have come into the den of a—'. He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, 'a tiger! a tiger!' and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance

of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire arms.

Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrating to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

'Now is the time to fire at him,' said Wharton, with his usual calmness; 'aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him.'

Frank seized his double barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols, the former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again; and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both places was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a nestling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewn over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the highest consternation.

'All is now over,' said Wharton, 'we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the bloodthirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter.'

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket and hastened to the other end of the cave....I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning; and the tiger who had heard it also, became more restless & disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once, but the light weapons bounded back harmlessly from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke out anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But, having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were

dead, he uttered so fearful a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that under these circumstances, the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifices that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of the birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of the elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size & strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once a horrid roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

'This enemy will prove more cruel than the other,' said Wharton; 'for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young.'

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing terrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched beside his cubs, and her rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head. 'Do not flatter yourselves,' said he, 'with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered.'

Nevertheless there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance; and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight, for the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave with which they were now doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it, he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the numbers of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our pace before the tigress could overtake us.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every

step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they described us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the ready bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the farther progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment, in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance; she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismally her companion: he followed her with an immense spring and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Eased beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroick man still persevered in his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln who was already at his side had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near him on the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal stunned and overpowered, let go his hold and fell back into the abyss.

## THE VIRTUOUS WIFE.

Translated from the German by a student.

Whosoever has gained a virtuous wife possesses a treasure of intrinsic worth—a prize of higher value than the most costly pearl.

Such a treasure had Rabbi Meir, the great teacher, obtained. He sat on the Sabbath, in the synagogue, instructing the people. In the mean time, death, who often aims his poisonous shafts against the infant breast, and spares the aged and infirm, did, by an unexpected stroke, deprive the parents of two goodly sons: both were of handsome shape—both, by a Father's care, enlightened in the law.

His partner looked at first on their bereavement with all the feelings of a tender mother; but, soon her piety shone predominant, and in the duties of the wife, each selfish wish was buried. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it, he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the numbers of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our pace before the tigress could overtake us.

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contemplated with pride their worth, and dared at length to view them as my own, when, in an unexpected hour, a messenger is sent, who in his master's name, doth claim my valuable charge: Shall I restore these gems to him?

'My wife ought not first to inquire this,' said Rabbi Meir; 'wilt thou delay returning to the owner each one that he hath lent thee?' 'Oh no!' answered she, 'if it is unjust so to do;—but I would not return them without thy knowledge.'

She then conducted him to the chamber, walked forward and removed from the dead bodies their covering. 'Oh, my Sons! my Sons!' cried the father, in the fullness of his grief, 'do I find you thus? I gave you life, I enlightened your mental eyes in the law, and looked upon you as the solace of my declining years, when on a sudden, I find myself bereft of you.'

She turned from him, wishing to conceal the agitation of her mind, but roused at length by the violence of his grief, she seized him by the hand and spoke.

'Rabbi, hast thou not taught me, that is contrary to the moral as well as religious duties of men, to refuse restoring what is entrusted to their care? Behold, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

'The name of the Lord be praised,' rejoined Rabbi Meir, conscious he had erred in repining at His will who is infallible; in murmuring at His mandate, who is omniscient.

It is truly said, 'Whosoever hath found a virtuous wife has a greater treasure than the most costly pearl; she opens her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'

THE "GOOD BOY" LOVER.—'When I was a lad,' said a facetious gentleman to the recorder of the anecdote, 'I was, or rather fancied myself to be, desperately in love with a very charming young lady. Dining at her parent's house one day, I was unfortunately helped to the gizzard of a chicken, attached to one of the wings. Aware, like most "good boys" that it was extremely ungentle to leave any thing upon my plate, and being over anxious to act with etiquette and circumspection in this interesting circle, I, as a "good boy" wished strictly to conform myself to the rules of good breeding. But the gizzard of a fowl! Alas! it was impossible! how unfortunate! I abhorred it! No, I could not either for love or money have swallowed such a thing! So, after blushing, playing with the annoyance, and casting many a side-long glance to see if I was observed, I contrived at length to roll it from my plate into my mouchoir, which I had placed on my knees purposely for its reception; the next minute all was safely lodged in my pocket. Conversing with the object of my affections, during the evening, in a state of nervous forgetfulness, I drew forth my handkerchief, and in a superb flourish, out flew the gizzard! Good heavens! my fair one stared, coloured, laughed; I was petrified; away flew my ecstatic dreams; and out of the house I flung myself without one "au revoir," but with a consciousness of the truth of that delectable ballad which proclaims, that "Love has EYES!" I thought no more of love in that quarter, believe me!'

GOOD ADVICE.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct the way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting your hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary,—but if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief.

CAPSIZEZ A SAILOR...As an honest seaman, who had just come into port, was taking a stroll in the country, he saw a bull dashing furiously along the road, directly towards him, and, according to the custom of the animal, when under full speed, with his tail straight out behind him. 'Bull ahoy!' roared Jack, making a speaking trumpet of his hand, 'ease off your spanker sheet, there, you lubberly son of a cow, or you'll be afool of me.' The bull paid no attention to the warning of the sailor, and the next moment Jack was rolling in the dirt. 'There, d—n your eyes!' said the enraged tar, gathering himself up, 'I told you, you would run a foul of me!'...N. Y. Con.

CANDOR.—It is one of the strongest sophistications of artificial life, that men are more candid with their enemies than their friends. Whilst the former are sure to hear their faults and foibles exposed in the most candid manner, the latter are left to keep them, or find them out as they may.

## THE STANDARD.

For the Missiskoui Standard,

MR. EDITOR.—SIR, by giving the following notice a place in your columns, you will much oblige a friend, and discharge a duty incumbent on you as the conductor of a public journal.

To the Inhabitants of Missiskoui and Shefford Counties.

GENTLEMEN—I beg to inform you that there is now secretly circulating in the Township of Stanbridge, a petition to the Legislature, for having the Township of Farnham annexed to the County of Missiskoui, and for removing the place of holding the poll from Freleighsburg. The latter part of the petition is the same as the one transmitted by the Bailiff to Quebec last winter, incog, but newly vamped, and owes its origin most likely to a mean schemer, whom the County of Missiskoui has disgraced itself by sending to Parliament.

I am your obedient servant.

AN INHABITANT.

Stanbridge, Oct. 25, 1835.

To the Editor of the Missiskoui Standard.

I perceived in a late "Standard" that a new correspondent, the "Uncle" of my old friend of the Ridge, has, with praiseworthy anxiety for the perseverance of the twice converted saint of "Union Chapel," composed a "prayer" for his perpetual use, and which he wishes O. P. Q. or his "worthy Substitute" to recommend to his grateful reception.—Now O. P. Q. may do just as he pleases; that is, he may act according to his "judgment and will," but his "worthy Substitute," (good luck-a-day, our very enemies never suspected us of the sin of wit,) cannot recommend it because he does not think it proper or appropriate.—A Substitute begs leave to state, "graciously," for he is a grave, and not a witty man, that there is a name mentioned in the prayer that ought not to have been introduced on the occasion. Perhaps the "Uncle" of the man of the Ridge forgot that the divinity chiefly adored by the zealous and patriotic member passes among men under a very different name, or that the "dear man" is something of a pluralist in his gods as well as his—horses, which may account for the late duplicate of an old conversion, for he may have merely transferred his love and allegiance from one to another. Let the "Uncle" of him of the Ridge rest assured that the triplicate of divinities before whom the pious man bowed down his head in "Union Chapel" were Self, Popularity, and Pelf, and if he will compose a supplication to these, the true objects of the dear man's devotion, a Substitute will gladly recommend it to his fervent and daily use. To shew his sincerity a Substitute will willingly contribute his mite to defray the expense of printing it, and to make manifest his liberality, he will pay for the "gilding" himself.

With respect to the composition of the "Prayer," which has already appeared, though it doubtless does contain sundry beauties, the shining fruits of the "great labour," yet we must be pardoned for saying that it might have been better; and we would recommend an "Uncle," if he be determined to show himself up as a poet, to take as the model of his imitation the celebrated works of the "Poet Laureate" of the "dear man." We take shame to ourselves for saying that we have not seen them all, but an Epic poem on Independence recited some years ago at St. Albans on the glorious fourth of July we have seen, and believe it to approach as near to perfection as any thing the world can expect of the kind. Just and pertinent was the boast of a St. Albans Editor when it was published—

"Yield ye Greeks and Romans yield;  
Homer, Horace, quit the field; &  
Vanish scribblers, great and small;  
St. Albans' Bard outstrips you all!"

In fact its beauties are so beautiful, its profundity so profound, and its pathos so pathetic, that it outshines subtlety itself, and we cannot do better than give the opening lines as a copy for an Uncle in future endeavours after poetic fame; if he detect a slight anticipation of events, he must remember that the poet, like all true bards, was also a prophet.

"Ye mountains of Varmount," & Lake Champlain List to my strain until ye ring again,  
For such a blast I'll raise in Freedom's name  
Shall fright the wood'd wolves—the fishes in the stream.—

Up lift your voice and sing, ye snow clad peaks!  
That doff your night-caps yearly for six weeks  
For now the tyrant's chain that bound you there  
Is cut in two, and ye are free as air;  
To warmer climes you now may wend your way,  
No monarch's voice the movement shall gainsay!  
Ye panthers, wolves, and foxes, coons and bears,  
Attune ye to your most melodious airs!  
Ye wild cats scream a treble, and for base,  
Give me a bear of all the tuneful race,  
And in one chorus chaunt a glorious strain  
And join your voices with the song of man.  
Ye props of freedom! ye "Green mountain boys,"  
Shout Independence! triumph! and rejoice!  
Exert your lungs! proclaim the right divine  
Of ten free mountain boys to govern nine.  
The land is free! is free! hurrah!!! hurrah!!!  
License is liberty, our will the law!  
Laws may be well for slaves, but we are free!!  
Judgment and will! hurrah for Liberty!!!  
Hurrah for Amos Kandal!!! who dares pinch him?  
Show us the knave, and, by our "will," we'll  
Lynch him!"

The above splendid specimen is intended only as a "whet" to the appetite; the work itself, we believe the 76th Edition, may be had of most Book-sellers in town and country.—The "Uncle" of our respected acquaintance of the Ridge must not be offended because we have ventured to direct his vision to the Sun of poetry, and in the mean time we shall anxiously expect an improved version of the Member's "Prayer."

A SUBSTITUTE.

Pigeon Hill, October 26, 1835.

¶ Homer was the son of a green-grocer or potato-gardener; and our author here presumes that he can frightened "the first of poets," because he happened to be ignobly born. Horace, poor fellow, does not require a warning to "quit the field," since he himself confesses "parvula non bene relictæ." ED. STAND.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.  
PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

### KING'S SPEECH.

His majesty proceeded in state this afternoon, from St. James's, about two o'clock, attended as usual, to prorogue parliament after a session of unexampled duration. The wetness of the morning prevented the assembling of so many persons as are in the habit of crowding the line of procession from the Palace to the entrance of the House of Lords. His Majesty's arrival at the house was announced by the firing of a royal salute. The King, surrounded by his great officers of state, having entered the House of Lords, and taken his seat upon the throne, the members of the House of Commons were summoned to appear at the bar by the Usher of the Black Rod. They arrived accordingly in considerable numbers, headed by the Speaker, who addressed his Majesty briefly on the labours of the session; and the royal assent having been given formally to the remaining bills of the session, his Majesty proceeded to read the following gracious speech.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I find with great satisfaction that the state of public business enables me to relieve you from further attendance, and from the pressure of those duties, which you have performed with so much zeal and assiduity. I receive from all foreign powers satisfactory assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most friendly understanding, and I look forward with confidence to the preservation of the general peace, which has been, and will be, the object of my constant solicitude. I lament that the civil contest in the Northern provinces of Spain has not yet been brought to a termination; but taking a deep interest in the welfare of the Spanish monarchy, I shall continue to direct to that quarter my most anxious attention, in concert with the three powers, with whom I concluded the treaty of quadruple alliance; and I have, in furtherance of the objects of that treaty, exercised the power vested in me by the legislature, and have granted permission to my subjects to engage in the service of the Queen of Spain. I have concluded with Denmark, Sardinia, and Sweden fresh conventions, calculated to prevent the traffic in African slaves: I hope soon to receive the ratification of a similar treaty, which has been signed with Spain. I am engaged in negotiations with other powers in Europe and in South America for the same purpose, and I trust that, ere long, the united efforts of all civilised nations will suppress and extinguish this traffic. I perceive with entire approbation that you have directed your attention to the regulation of the municipal corporations in England and Wales, and I have cheerfully given my assent to the bill which you have just passed for that purpose. I cordially concur in this important measure, which is calculated to allay discontent, to promote peace and union, and procure for those communities the advantage of responsible government. I greatly rejoice that the internal condition of Ireland has been such as to have permitted you to substitute, for the necessary severity of a law which had been suffered to expire, enactments of a milder character. No part of my duty is more grateful to my feeling than the mitigation of a penal statute in any case in which it can be effected consistently with the maintenance of order and tranquillity.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons, I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the supplies. You have provided not only for the expenses of the year, and for the interest upon the large sum awarded to the owners of slaves in my colonial possessions, but also for several unexpected and peculiar claims upon the justice and liberality of the nation. It must be gratifying to observe, that not only have these demands been met without any additional taxation, but that you have made some further progress in reducing the burdens of my people. I am enabled to congratulate you that the terms upon which the loan for the compensation to the proprietors of slaves has been obtained afford conclusive evidence of the flourishing state of the public credit, and of that general confidence which is the result of a determination to fulfill the national engagements, and to maintain inviolate the public faith.

My Lords and Gentlemen, I know that I may securely rely upon your loyalty and patriotism, and I feel confident in returning to your respective counties, and in resuming those functions which you discharge with so much advantage to the community, you will recommend to all classes of your countrymen obedience to the law, attachment to the constitution, and a spirit of temperate amendment, which, under Divine Providence, are the means of preserving the tranquility and increasing the prosperity which this country enjoys.

Lord Denman then, by the King's command, prorogued the Parliament till Tuesday, the 10th of November next.

O'Connell's suggestion of an Orange plot against the future Queen is mentioned among the topics of the day. Some of the radical papers affect seriously to believe in it, and the London Spectator has the following:

Had the Orange conspirators acted with prudence, they would have sedulously have destroyed a number of documents which throw light on the real designs of their confederacy. The drift of the following extract from a letter, written in April 1830, by Colonel Fairman, the Duke of Cumberland's confidant, and the Orange Deputy Grand Secretary, is not to be mistaken.

Some whisperings have also gone abroad, that in the event of a demise of the Crown, a Regency would probably be established, for reasons which occasioned the removal of the next in succession from the office of Lord High Admiral. That a maritime Government might not prove consonant to the views of a military chieftain of the most unbounded ambition, may admit of easy belief, and as the second Heir Presumptive is not only a female, but a minor, in addition to the argument which might be applied to the present, that in the ordinary course of nature, it was not to be expected that his reign could be of long duration—in these disjointed times it is by no means unlikely a vicarious form of government may be attempted. The effort would be a bold one; but, after the measures we have seen, what new violations should surprise us? Besides, the plea of economy and expediency, might be urged as the pretext, while aggrandizement and usurpation might be the latent motive. It would only be necessary to make out a plausible case; which, from the facts on record, there could be no difficulty in doing to the satisfaction of a pliable and obsequious set of Ministers, as also to the success of such an experiment.

### ANTI-GALLIC LETTERS.

#### No. XI.

To his Excellency the Earl of Gosford, etc.

Montreal, 12th Oct., 1835.

MY LORD,

In my last letter I attempted to convince your lordship, that an English insurrection against any French viceroy of Lower Canada would, most certainly, be ultimately successful; and I now proceed to point out the results of the success of such an insurrection. The loss of Lower Canada would necessarily involve the loss of all British America. The loss of all British America would deprive England of her most productive fisheries, place her entirely at the mercy of foreigners for the main element of her maritime power, and leave her not a single port on this continent for sheltering her navy to the northward of Bermuda. If the colonies, my lord, be the wings of the empire, what would England, if deprived of her stronger wing, become among the nations of Europe? If, my lord, I may borrow an equally vulgar and appropriate expression from the Stock Exchange, she would become a lame duck. I earnestly implore your lordship to reflect, that such must be the result of a perseverance in the anti-national scheme of conciliating a handful of bawling and rebellious demagogues at the expense of the imperial dignity, in violation of sound principles and at the temporary sacrifice of the intelligent and loyal minority of English origin.

Having thus, my lord, exhibited the influence of farther conciliation of the French faction on the political peace of Lower Canada, I must now inquire, what influence such conciliation is likely to exercise on her agricultural and commercial prosperity. Here again, my lord, the past is the best index of the future.

Will the French faction, my lord, devote the public revenue to the improvement of the commercial facilities of the province? Will the demagogues deepen Lake St. Peter? Will they improve and extend the wharves of Montreal? Will they complete the magnificent line of communication so nobly undertaken by their tributary victim of Upper Canada? Will they make one

effort to render Montreal, what nature destined her to be, the rival of New York? No, my lord; they will not do any thing, that at all tends to inundate the sacred soil of a French province with British or Irish or American foreigners. Should any funds remain, after the two contracting parties to the secret compromise are both satisfied the French assembly will make the surplus an instrument of oppression, an engine for gagging the less patriotic portion of the outlawed minority. They will appropriate it, my lord, to local objects, which ought to be accomplished by local assessments, and thus buy the support or at least the neutrality of individuals, who are too short sighted to see the fatal consequences of French supremacy or too selfish to sacrifice the less good of the present for the greater good of the future. Not many weeks, my lord, have elapsed, since professed constitutionalists condescended to wear the revolutionary mask in the hope of securing a grant of public money for a projected rail road. To gain their ends, they put a radical paper of the name of Bardy in the chair and ordered their resolutions to be inserted only in the radical journals, St. Francis Courier of Sherbrooke, Vindicator, Minerva and Morning Courier of Montreal. The sooner, my lord, that professed constitutionalists are not tempted to perpetrate such absurdities, so much the better; and the temptation will be taken away, either when Upper Canada gets her fair share of the import duties, or when French influence ceases to be supreme in the provincial legislature. Thus, my lord, does every shilling of excess of revenue over and above the reasonable expenses of the legislature and the executive, become a fatal obstacle to the ultimate prosperity of the province. Part of such excess, as I have just shown, is dispensed in the shape of local bribes; while the other part of it is likely, with your lordship's consent, to swell the contingencies as pensions for Reebuck and his tail, the London correspondents, of the French Vindicator. Permit me, my lord, to remark in passing, that the secret compromise, which your lordship seems to have sanctioned, prevents an English nobleman in the character of patron

of the French Vindicator, in the character of paymaster of the miserable hirings, who have virtually recommended the assassination of British soldiers...who have

stigmatized Lord Aymer as a murderous tyrant...who have styled Mr. Spring Rice, who, according to the latest advices, was still Chancellor of the Exchequer, a notorious liar. Does your lordship remember Dean Swift's sarcastic remark on King William's motto *Nou rapui sed recepi*—The receiver is as bad as the thief!

The application, my lord, is too obvious; and I can only hope, for the honour of my country, that your lordship is innocent of compromise, and that I am mistaken in my suspicion.

I must here pause for a day; and meanwhile I have the honor to be,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

CAMILLUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Medicum's receipt in our next.

### MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, OCT. 27, 1835.

TO ADVERTISERS. From our rates of advertising, and from our unprecedented and daily increasing circulation, Advertisers in Montreal and elsewhere will find the Standard, superior to any other paper, as a means of circulating Advertisements in this section of the Eastern Townships.

Persons in Montreal, intending to be subscribers for the Standard, are respectfully requested to leave their names at the book-store of Messrs. J. & T. A. Starke Notre-Dame street.

The system of Register Offices is better understood in the United States than elsewhere.—*Irish Advocate*.

This we do not admit, until we shall be more particularly enlightened on the subject. We confess that we have no practical acquaintance with the system followed in the United States, but many a sleepless night can testify to our acquaintance with that followed in Scotland. The subject of Register Offices at present ought to occupy no small attention on the part of the public; we shall therefore give a short account of the system as practised in Scotland. This we do not admit, until we shall be more particularly enlightened on the subject. We confess that we have no practical acquaintance with the system followed in Scotland. The subject of Register Offices at present ought to occupy no small attention on the part of the public; we shall therefore give a short account of the system as practised in Scotland. This we do not admit, until we shall be more particularly enlightened on the subject. We confess that we have no practical acquaintance with the system followed in Scotland. 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obedience to the Laws of the Constitution, or to the instructions they may receive from the Imperial Government they do not accede to the unreasonable demands of a Party animated by a spirit of Faction. The Legislative and Executive Councils are accused of being corrupt in their organization, and as being the means of obstructing the passage of many Laws and measures, which, in the all sufficient wisdom of these egotistical\* Patriots, they consider as essential to the welfare of the country.... They, therefore call loudly for a Council composed on Elective principles. That malignant spirit of Envy, so conspicuous in these men, looks upon every person holding Office under Government as a Nuisance, and a Burden, or Tax upon the industry of the people. While the overthrow of the Government itself, and the expulsion of all of British Origin, is the end and aim of their unceasing efforts.

Hence it must be inferred that the very Evils so loudly complained of, turn out to be, in reality, Blessings; and the salutary Laws of the British Constitution, so far from being pernicious to the welfare of the Province, prove to be the source and means of Happiness, Welfare, and Prosperity to its Inhabitants.

We do not profess to be defenders of, nor apologists for, abuses of any kind; on the contrary, we desire to see the machinery of Government rendered as perfect as possible, and to that end all of British or Irish origin would, we feel confident, add the weight of their talent and intelligence. But it cannot fail to excite the indignation of all sincere well-wishers for the Public welfare that a Party, not a People, should openly avow its hostility to every measure of the Government, and at the same time arrogate to itself the exclusive perception of all the Evils which exist, and the exclusive knowledge of the remedies for them....

We shall not now stop to enquire from what causes all our political differences have sprung. The 'prime wisdom' now is, in our humble opinion, to bring under discussion those substantive measures which must be adopted for the permanency of the British Constitution within this and the adjoining Provinces.

We must here pause for the present.

From the Irish Advocate.

The Anti-Colonial party has in more than one instance manifested their hostility to the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. That hostility is not to the soil, nor to what grows thereon, but to the cultivators of it. The Townships are the haven of the Emigrant. There he finds a soil of surpassing fertility and laws under which a freeman may live and prosper. The tenure by free and common socage, divested of all obnoxious features, and in all respects similar to that which prevails in the neighbouring States—the existence of Registry Offices for deeds of sale and mortgages, are the superior advantages enjoyed by the Townships over the English Seigniories. Of those advantages the Anti-Colonial demagogues are bitterly jealous. A recent visit of Messrs. Papineau and a party was undertaken with no other view than to entrap by specious representations the people of the Townships into the support of measures directly at variance with their real interests. That mission was a SIGNAL FAILURE. The 'Danish Reform Meeting' was a meeting of parasites. A few well meaning reformers were there—who hid in disgust. No wonder, Mr. Papineau had the boldness to acknowledge that he was opposed to the tenure of Free and Common Socage, and the effort to assert in justification, that the tenure was associated with the law of primogeniture!! Now, that assertion was FALSE. Mr. Papineau knew it to be false, and he met his reward. One of the reformers present asked the honourable gentleman if he advocated the feudal oppression existing in the Seigniories. His reply was—' Let the Seigniories alone, they are well enough, they require no meddling.' But the demagogues will not let the Townships alone. They will, if they can, ruin them, by extending to them, the precious favours of seigniorial rights and notarial privileges. Of this vindictive purpose there can be no doubt. It is not the less detestable that it conceals a policy (bless the mark) worthy of a barbarous race—a foolish and contemptible ambition to create a Canadian nation of exclusively French origin. They cherish the hope that the period may arrive when a vast people of *Lords and Servs* shall be crowded over the land which is now the home of the free and independent Briton or the haunt of the wild beast. As year succeeds year, the task of expulsion and destruction will become more difficult—and finally impossible—unless English justice be eradicated from its 'limited dwellings.' If allowed to remain, the Emigrant will still flock 'spite of the tax, and a sturdy race will be bred up of sufficient power effectually to resist a host of *Jean Baptistes*. Of this the demagogues are well aware—and so they take time by the forelock—what is once passed can never be recalled. In the course of the past summer an attempt was made to cajole the Townships. It failed. Next summer they will be threatened. In the mean time other arts are used. The agents and emissaries of the party directed to use all insinuations which may serve against the salubrity and fertility of that section of the country. The work must be cannily done.

If the charge could be brought home to the agent, of having represented the wheat grown in the Townships as inferior, he must

have an escape—'twas not I that said it—I repeated what I was told....no more.' But this disguised hostility will not serve. The most ordinary intelligence can see through the awkward artifice. We need not advert to the impudent threat held out against the Land Company—an incorporation that can do more....aye, and will too, for the Emigrant, than fifty thousand Canadian Legislators. It has been actively circulated that the Townships were not favourable to the growth of wheat. Now, the truth is, that notwithstanding a season unusually unfavourable, the crop is at least equal to any in either the Upper or Lower Province. The wet weather has not been confined to the Townships. Its effects have been generally felt, as well in the neighbouring States as in the Canadas.

To the Editor of the Irish Advocate.

SIR,

It is with unsigned regret that I have to announce to you, the melancholy fact, of the death of Colonel TIDY, C. B. commanding 24th Regiment, and commandant of this Garrison, which took place very suddenly, at ten minutes before eleven o'clock last night.

Colonel Tidy entered the service in July, 1792, as an Ensign in the 41st Foot; joined the 43d Regiment in December, same year, and in May 1794, obtained his Lieutenancy; was promoted Captain in the 1st W. I. Regiment, 1793; joined the 1st (or Scots Royal) Regiment in January, 1800, and in April 1807, exchanged into the 8th W. I. Regiment; was promoted Major in September, same year, into the 14th Foot; was appointed Brevet Lt. Colonel in 1813, and on the 6th November, 1826, obtained the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the 4th Foot; in August, 1829, was appointed Inspecting Field Officer of a Recruiting District, and in July, 1830, was promoted Brevet Colonel; on the 1st March, 1833, was appointed to the command of the 24th Regiment vice Lieut. Colonel Fleming, and joined the service companies of that corps, in Canada, on the 17th August following; was present at, and distinguished himself in the following engagements, viz:—Capture of Martinique, Guadalupe, and St. Lucia, in the West Indies, from 1793 to 1796; was employed against the Maroons; at the assault on Morn, Fortune, and at Waterloo, at the assault on Cambrai for which he was honored by His Majesty George the Third, with the distinguished mark of Companion of the Bath; has also filled the important situations of Assistant Adjutant General in Spain, under Sir D. Baird; Acting Adjutant General under Sir A. Wellesley, at the passage of the Douro; and Deputy Adjutant General, under Sir A. Campbell, in India, in addition to the situations of Military Secretary, Brigade Major, and Aide-Camp to the Commander of the Forces, in St. Lucia; has served in almost every clime, including West Indies, Gilbraltar, Spain, Portugal, Walcheran, Malta, Genoa, Flanders, France, Ionian Islands, Bengal, Rangoon, in Ava, and lastly in Canada, where he terminated his earthly career, after a service of upwards of 43 years, on full pay and actual service; devoted to his King and country, he lived an ornament to his profession, and died regretted by his brother Officers and Soldiers, and all who had the honor of his acquaintance.

J. C.

Kingston, October 10, 1835.

The British Auxiliary legion have broken the ice and had a severe action at Crumendi, and displayed their national courage and fierceness. The forces in conjunction with the Chapelgories, under the united command of Evans and El Pastor, amount to 4,000 troops. The Carlists were entrenched in two buildings and soon routed and 150 taken prisoners. The division was then to proceed against Moreno.

Don Carlos, it appears, is to be married to his niece, the Princess Beira, sister of Don Miguel and Don Pedro and of his late wife.

She is 42 years of age, and of vigorous constitution and mind. Juan Fernandez, the fabled residence of Robinson Crusoe, it is said has been swallowed up by the late earthquake on the coast of South America.

The Spanish Government, it is said, have resolved to acknowledge the independence of their ci-devant South American Colonies.

Atrocious Murder.—Our apology for being so late with our paper this week is a melancholy one. Just as we were going to press early yesterday morning, an account reached us that a man had been murdered in a Blacksmith's Shop in this town. We immediately repaired to the spot, and certainly a more shocking spectacle was never presented to the eye than we there beheld. The poor victim lay on the floor with his head almost severed in two. A broad axe and a sledge hammer were lying beside him, the former of which had evidently been employed in the diabolical act, and a wound from a blow by a blunt instrument was observed on the crown of the head. Doubts are entertained as to whether the large gash which in the opinion of the medical gentlemen was the immediate cause of his death was inflicted by the axe or shovel, which is reported to be missing. The name of the deceased is Shean, or Shane. We believe he is a stranger in town, and had his residence somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lockport. He had been living for few days at the house of one McGarrett, a blacksmith in town who it appears keeps a small grocery of rather equivocal repute. The night previous to the discovery

of the murder, the deceased and McGarrett, with some others, had been engaged in gambling, which in all likelihood was the origin of the whole affair. McGarrett and some others have been apprehended. A Coroner's inquest is still sitting, and as nothing has hitherto appeared in evidence to implicate any person in the perpetration of this horrid deed, we forbear entering into any particulars for the present. We have no doubt, however, that the murderer or murderers are in custody. We shall lay the particulars before our readers next week.—*Niagara Reporter*.

Newspaper Postage from America to England.—The following is an extract of letter from Sir F. Freedling, of the General Post Office, London. The information it contains, relative to the postage on newspapers sent from this country to England is important, and ought to be widely disseminated.... I return the eight United States newspapers addressed to —, and desire you to explain to that gentleman that these newspapers having arrived in Ship Letter Bags, they are, by law, subject to Ship Letter Postage. You will further explain that had these papers been forwarded to this country in the mail conveyed by His Majesty's packets, they would have been liable only to the charge of 2d for each paper.

London, 12th June, 1835.

Honesty and Liberality.—On Monday a New York Merchant by the name of Farrington, stepped into a hack driven by Thomas Blake, having in his hand a package containing \$30,000. Upon arriving at his residence, he accidentally left the money in the hack, and not having noticed its number, he was without any clue to the whereabouts of his cash when he discovered his loss, and consequently not in a very comfortable state of mind. His anxiety was soon relieved by the re-appearance of Blake, with the cash in his hand. Mr. F. generously tendered him \$300 as a reward for his honesty, but its acceptance was declined—and it is now his intention to present him with an elegant carriage, horses, and harness....*Boston Statesman*.

Robert and William Watson (father and son) were tried at the Kingston Assizes for the murder of Jacob Caldwell, at Belleville, on the 7th September last. A verdict of guilty was returned against the elder Watson, and the son acquitted. He was sentenced to be executed on Sept. 30th, but respite by the Judge until Oct. 20th. A petition has been got up in Belleville, praying the Governor to pardon him.

In the new state of things, under the Citizen King of the French, for indulging in certain strictures on that government, the nature of which were defined in the recent manifesto, a newspaper editor may be subjected to a fine of one million of francs, and imprisoned for eighty years!

We understand that a Mr. William S. Williams in the Township of Whitby, has invented what he calls a harvesting machine, which gathers, threshes, and rough cleans wheat, barley, &c. at the rate of a bushel in three minutes. The machine may be worked by horse or steam power.—*Christian Guardian*.

How long will you stay in London? said a friend meeting a student from the Oxford University. 'Ten guineas,' was the reply. This, though understood, does not seem so explicit as the observation of the honest hearted Frenchman in one of our Southern towns. A poor man having lost his cow, the whole support of his family, his neighbors very naturally sympathized with him in his loss, and a number met to console with him, the benevolent foreigner among them. They all began to express their sorrow, when the Frenchman exclaimed, 'You sorry, and you sorry, how much you sorry? I sorry ten dollars.'

Modesty of the wise.—A French writer remarks, that the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the amusing air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

LIST OF LETTERS.

LETTERS FOR ST. ARMAND.

Robert S. Flemming, Jonas Johnson, Mary Ann Page 2, William Callender, Abner Bain, Henry G. Merkley, Garret Mizener.

SUTTON.

Erastus Thomas.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of the late GEORGE COOK, Esquire, of St. Armand, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned Executors, and all to whom the said Estate may be indebted, to present their claims for liquidation.

JANE COOK, JACOB COOK, Executors.

St. Armand, October 27, 1835.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the Officers and Members elect, of the Mississquoi County Agricultural Society, will be held at Chandler's Hotel, in Stanbridge, on Saturday, the 31st Oct. instant, for the purpose of making a final settlement of the affairs of the Society.

Each and every member is respectfully requested to attend, but more especially those entitled to premium money. (By order of the President.)

EBENEZER PHELPS, Secretary.

Stanbridge, Oct. 26, 1835.

NOTICE.

RECOMMENDATORY NOTICE.

From the multitude of these, we refer the stranger to a brief extract, from one only for the sake of brevity, viz:

The Saturday Courier is the largest weekly journal published in Philadelphia, and certainly one of the very best in the United States.—[Pennsylvania Daily Inquirer, of May 18th 1835.]

The Saturday Courier is sent in exchange to Editors who will do us the favour of inserting this advertisement.

WOODWARD & CLARKE, Franklin Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Office of the B. A. L. Co. { Sherbrooke, July 20, 1835. }

16—th.

#### TO PROPRIETORS OF GRIST-MILLS.

WANTS a situation as Master MILLER, to take charge of a Grist Mill, a middle aged man, who has been employed in the same capacity for many years, in several respectable mills in Canada, can give references for character and ability. He would be willing to take a mill on shares, and if a small farm attached to it the more agreeable, he has some knowledge of the Millwright business, and is perfectly acquainted with the art of dressing stones. Apply by letter, post paid, to X. Y., Post Office, Bedford.

29—4w.

CASH paid for FLAX SEED, by the subscriber, delivered at his Store.

W. W. SMITH.

Mississoui Bay. 29—tf.

MUNSON & CO. pay

Cash for BUTTER.

Augst 18, 1835. 19—tf.

#### BOOKS AND BOOK BINDING!

THE subscriber has just received and now offers for sale, a general assortment of

SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

STATIONERY, &c.,

which he will sell cheaper for cash than can be bought at any other establishment in this vicinity.

Ruling and Book-Binding in all its branches, executed with neatness and on reasonable terms.

JAMES RUSSELL.

St. Albans, Oct. 27, 1835. 13—1y.

#### STRAYED.

WAS stolen from the farm known by the name of the Simpson farm, east of Martin's swamp, four YEARLINGS, one BULL & three HEIFERS. The Bull is a pale red, with a lime back and white face; one heifer is brown, with some white; one is red, with a little white; the third is also red with a considerable white; they are all marked with a slit in each ear. If any person will inform the owner where they are, he shall be rewarded for his trouble.

PETER SIXBY.

St. Armand, Oct. 20, 1835. 28—tf.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber being about to leave the country, requests all persons, having left Clocks, Watches, Jewelry &c. with him to repair to call and take the same away. Persons indebted to the subscriber are hereby notified that immediate payment must be made, and those to whom the subscriber is indebted are requested to present their demands without delay for payment.

C. H. HUNTINGTON.

Freelshburg, Oct. 13th, 1835.

Successors of the late Edward Paffy, deceased.

#### NOTICE.

THE subscriber being duly appointed Curator to the said succession, requests all persons having claims against the same to present them duly attested, and all who are indebted thereto, to make immediate payment.

JAMES McCANNA.

Freelshburg, October 13, 1835. 27—12w.

#### THE LARGEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES.

THIS is not said in the spirit of vain boasting, but because it can, with strict justice be declared of the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER, which contains each week upwards of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY distinct articles, in prose and poetry. Literature—science—the arts—the latest foreign and domestic news—police reports—sporting intelligence—notice of new works—besides an immense fund of miscellaneous intelligence—the drama—marriages—deaths—price of produce, merchandise, stocks, &c.—enggravings—internal improvements, railroads, canals—travelling—agriculture, &c. &c. embracing every variety of topics that can possibly be introduced into a public journal.

4th, the successful Essays shall remain the property of the Society.

5th, The Society reserves to itself the right to withhold the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it.

The Essays are to be addressed to A. F. HOLMES,

M. D. Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

ANDREW H. ARMOUR, Recording Secretary.

Oct. 13, 1835.

#### TO LET.

THE STORE, ASHERY, DIS-

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

To mark the sufferings of the babe  
That cannot speak its woes;  
To see the infant tears gush forth,  
Yet know not why they flow;

To meet the meek, uplifted eye,  
That faint would ask relief,  
Yet can but tell of agony,—  
*This is a mother's grief!*

Through dreary days, and darker nights,  
To trace the march of death;  
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,  
The quick and shorted breath;

To watch the last dread strife draw near,  
And pray that struggle brief,  
Though all is ended with its close,—  
*This is a mother's grief!*

To see in one short hour decayed  
The hope of future years;  
To feel how vain a father's prayers,  
How vain a mother's tears;

To think the cold grave now must close  
O'er what was once the chief;

Of all the treasures joys of earth,—  
*This is a mother's grief!*

Yet when the first wild throb is past,  
Of anguish and despair,  
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,  
And think, "my child is there;"

*This best can dry the gushing tears;*  
This yields the heart relief;

Until the Christian's pious hope  
Overcomes a mother's grief! *Dale.*

MISCELLANY.

THE CABRIOLET DRIVER.

A FRENCH STORY.

"Ten years ago I entered the service of M. Eugene. Did you know M. Eugene, Sir?"

"Eugene who?"

"Aye, Eugene who? That is more than I can tell. I never heard him called

any thing but M. Eugene. He was a tall young man about seven and twenty—good looking, with a touch of melancholy;

had ten thousand francs a year, and a stomach complaint.—Well, I entered his

service. He was so mild that he always spoke in one equal tone. 'Cantillon, my hat—Cantillon get the cabriolet ready—

Cantillon, if M. Alfred de Linar calls say

I am not at home!'—You must know, sir,

that he did not like this M. de Linar, who

was a dissolute fellow. One evening re-

turning from a soiree in the Rue de la Paix,

on crossing the bridge with the statues

upon it—there was no statue then—we

passed a woman sobbing so bitterly, that we heard her in spite of our own wheels.

My master said 'pull up' and I did so;

and before I had time to turn my head, he

was standing upon the ground.

The night was as dark as pitch. The

female went on, and my master followed.

On a sudden she stopped, mounted the

parapet, and I heard a splash in the river.

My master did not hesitate, but plunged

headlong after her. I must tell you, sir,

that he could swim like a duck.

"As for me, I thought to myself, 'If I

remain in the cabriolet, I shan't be of much

use; on the other hand, as I can't swim,

if I get into the water, there will be two to

lug out instead of one.' So says I to the

horse—the same I am now driving—says I

'Whoa, Coco, stand still boy.'

One could have thought the poor beast understood me,

for he stood still immediately. In a moment

I was at the water side. There was a lit-

tle boat close to the shore; I jumped into

it; but it was moored by a rope, and I

pulled and pulled, but could not move it.

In the mean time my master was diving

like a cormorant. I grew desperate and

with one last effort, the rope gave way, and

I tumbled backwards.

Luckily I fell across the bench, and as

it was no time for counting the stars, I was

up in a second. The boat was now adrift.

I looked for the oars, and found that I had

knocked one overboard in my fall; I pulled

away with the other, but the boat turned

round and round like a top. 'Why' says

I, 'this is of no more use than a blister upon

a cork leg.'

'I shall never forget that moment, sir;

'twas dreadful. The water was so black,

that the river seemed to run ink. Now

and then a little wave broke, scattering its

spray, and in the midst was seen either the

white dress of the female, or my master's

head when he came up to breathe. Once

only both appeared at the same time, and

I heard M. Eugene, 'Ah! I see her.' In

two strokes he was at the place where the

white dress had been visible an instant be-

fore—he then disappeared. I was about

ten yards from them, floating on with the

stream, grasping my oar as if I could crush

it to atoms, and exclaiming 'God of heaven

why can't I swim?'

A moment scarcely elapsed, when

my master again appeared, holding the

female by the hair. She was senseless,

and it was high time, not only for her, but

for my master to get assistance—He had

just strength enough left to keep himself

from sinking with his burthen. Turning

his head to see which bank was the nearest,

he perceived me. 'Cantillon,' cried he,

'Help! I held out the oar to him, but he

could not reach it. 'Help!' said he again.

'Cantillon, help!' A wave went over his

head. I remained horror stricken. Again

he appeared, which took the weight of a

mountain off my breast. I once more

held out the oar; he had come a little

nearer. 'Courage, sir, courage,' but he

could not answer. 'Let her go,' said I,

'and save yourself.' 'No,' replied he in

a faint voice, 'I——' The water bobbed

in his mouth. Merciful God! what

were my feelings at that moment. Not a

hair of my head was without its perspira-

tion. I was half out of the boat straining

to make the oar reach further. Every thing

around me seemed to turn round, and yet my eys were riveted upon that head which was sinking by degrees, upon those eyes level with the water, which still looked upon me and seemed twice their natural size. At length I saw nothing but his hair, that also disappeared, and his arm alone was raised above the water, with his fingers convulsed. I made another effort, and his hand caught the oar.

'It is a true saying, that a drowning man would catch at a bar of red hot iron. He grasped the oar so tight that his nails were imprinted upon the wood. I placed it upon the gunwale, and thus forming a lever, I was enabled to raise my poor master above the water; but I trembled so dreadfully, that I feared I should lose my hold. At length I got him so near that I could seize his wrist. My heart bounded, for then I was sure of success. I held his wrist as fast as if it had been screwed in a vice, and for a week after, the blue marks of my fingers were visible with his teeth.

'Again casting looks upon the Captain's body, he advanced and said—'Come gentlemen, let us proceed.' 'But you have no second,' observed M. Alfred. 'One of yours will do.' Ernest go on the side of M. Eugene.

'One of the seconds came on my master's side. The other took the swords, placed the adversaries four paces from each other, put a sword in the hand of each, and withdrawing, said, 'Go on, gentlemen, at the same instant each advanced a step so that their swords were engaged up to the hilt, and no use could be made of them. 'Go back a little,' said my master. 'I never retreat,' replied his antagonist. 'Tis well,' and M. Eugene, after taking a step backward, resumed his guard.

'I had ten dreadful minutes to pass. The swords twisted about each other like serpents at play. M. Alfred alone acted on the offensive. My master followed with his eyes the sword of his adversary, and parried with as much coolness as if he were fencing in a salle d'armes—I was in a foam ing rage. If M. Alfred's servant had been there I should have strangled him.

'The combat continued. M. Alfred laughed bitterly; my master was calm and collected... Ah!' exclaimed M. Alfred. His sword had touched my master's arm, and blood was drawn. 'It is nothing,' said the latter, 'go on.' The perspiration streamed down my face. The seconds approached. M. Eugene waved his hand for them to keep off. His antagonist took advantage of the circumstance, and plunged; my master's parade de seconde was an instant too late, and the blood flowed from his thigh.

'Come, my young friend, let us go.' They entered M. Eugene's apartment, and when I returned with the coach, they were ready waiting at the street door, the Captain with pistols in his pockets, and M. Eugene with swords under his cloak.

'Coachman, to the Bois de Boulogne, said my master.

'If I fall, my friend,' said Captain Dumont to my master, 'you will deliver this to my poor Marie. It was her mother's wedding ring, an excellent woman, now in Heaven. Let my cross and sword be buried with me. I have no friend but you, no relative but my daughter.—Do you and she follow my coffin to the grave. Let there be no one else.'

'Why these forebodings, Captain? They are rather gloomy for an old soldier.'

'The Captain smiled. 'All has gone wrong with me since 1815; and as you have promised to protect my daughter, it is better that her protector should be young and rich, than old and poor as I am.' He ceased speaking. M. Eugene feared to distress him by saying another word; and we arrived in silence at the place appointed.

A cabriolet had followed us at a little distance. M. Alfred and his two seconds came out of it. One of the latter approached us. 'What are the Captain's weapons?' Pistols.'

'Remain in the coach, and take care of the swords,' said my master to me; and all five went into the wood.

Ten minutes had scarcely passed when I heard two shots. I started as if the sound were unexpected. There was an end to one of the adversaries, for ten other minutes expired without another report.

'I had thrown myself upon the seat of the coach, dreading to look out, when the door was suddenly opened. 'Cantillon, the swords,' said my master.

'I presented them to him. He held out his hand to take them, when I perceived the Captain's ring upon his finger.'

'And—Mdlle. Marie's father! stammered I.—'Dead,'—and the swords sir?—'Are for me.' 'For God's sake, let me accompany you.' 'Come then if you wish it.'

'I jumped out of the coach. My heart was as small as a grain of mustard seed, and it was high time, not only for her, but for my master to get assistance—He had just strength enough left to keep himself from sinking with his burthen. Turning his head to see which bank was the nearest, he perceived me. 'Cantillon,' cried he,

'Help! I held out the oar to him, but he could not reach it. 'Help!' said he again.

'Cantillon, help!' A wave went over his head. I remained horror stricken. Again he appeared, which took the weight of a

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in his mouth. Merciful God! what

were my feelings at that moment. Not a

hair of my head was without its perspira-

tion. I was half out of the boat straining

to make the oar reach further. Every thing

tear's at the entrance of the wood. In a moment I returned, and presented the water to M. Alfred, saying to myself, 'May this water be poison to thee?' He took it; his hand did not tremble, but when he returned the glass, I perceived that he had chipped off a bit of one of the edges with his teeth.

'As I turned round I perceived that during my absence, my master had got ready. He had nothing on but his trousers and shirt, with the sleeves of the latter tucked up to the shoulders. I approached him. 'Have you any orders to give me sir?' 'No,' replied he, 'I have neither father nor mother. If I die—' and he wrote a few words with a pencil—'you will give this paper to Marie.'

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